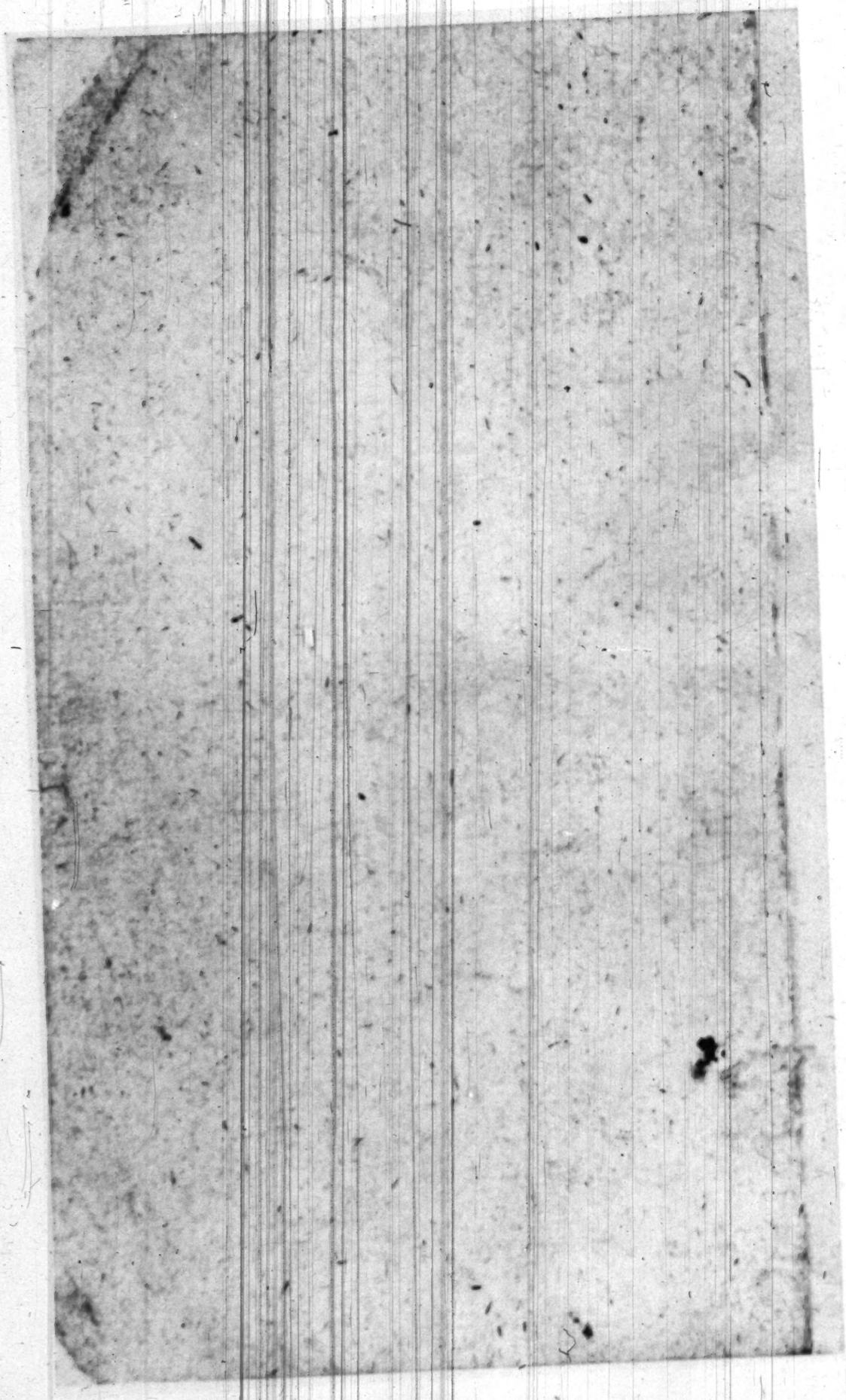
A MEMORIAL OF THE life & death of two vvorthye Christians, ROBERT CAMPBEL of the Kinyeancleugh, and his Wife ELIZABETH CAMPBEL.

In English Meter.

EDINBVRGH.
PRINTED BY ROBERT Walde-graue Printer to the Kings Maiestie. 1595.

Cum privilegio Regali.

Rhot of 6091



TO HIS LOVING SISTER IN CHRIST, ELIZABETH CAMPBEL of KINYEANCLEVGH.

Grace and peace from God the Father, and *the Lord Iesus Christ his Sonne, with the* assistance of Gods holy spirit, to *the end and in the end:* Amen.

FInding this little Treatise, (Sister, dearelie beloued in Christ) of late yeares amongst my other Papers, which I made about twentie yeares and one agoe, Immediatlie after the death of your godlie Parentes of good memory, with whome I was most dearlie acquainted in Christ, by reason of the troble I sustered in those dayes

for the good cauſe, wherin God made them chiefe comforters vnto me till death ſeparated vs. As I vewed it over, and reade it before ſome godly perſones of late, they were moſt inſtant with me, that I woulde ſuffer it to come to light, to the ſtirring vp of the zeale of Gods people amongſt vs, which now beginneth almoſt to be quenched in all eſtates none excepted. So that the ſaying of the worthie ſervaunt of God *Iohn Knox*, (among many other his fore-ſpeakings) proueth true, that is; *That as the Goſpel entred among vs, and was receiued with feruencie and heat: ſo he feared it ſhould decay, and loſe the former bewtie through coldnes, and lothſomneſſe, howbeit* (as he ſaide many times) *it ſhould not vtterly be overthrown in* Scotland, *til the comming of the Lord Ieſus to iudgment: in ſpite of Sathan & malice of al his ſlaues.* Howbeit indeed it is not to be denied, but that the propheſie of that worthie Martyr M. *George Wiſhart*, ſhal proue as true, who prophecying of the victorie of the trueth ſhortly to followe in *Scotland*: ſaide, *but allace, if after ſo great light and libertie of the Goſpell in* Scotland, *the people*

ple shall become vnthankfull, then fearfull and terrible shal the plagues be that after shal follow.

But to the purpose, to their request a length I yeelded, although long vnwilling, in respect of the baseneſſe of the forme of writing, which yet at the time of the making thereof, I thought most familiar according to the old maner of our Countrie, to moue our people to followe the example of these godly persones according to their callings and estate. And so beeing yet put in good hope that it would profite, I was contented it should bee after this manner published, committing the issue to our good GOD, who worketh sometimes by base meanes to some profit of the Church, according to his good pleasure. The saying also of *Gregorie Nazianzene*, writing of *Basile* the great after his death, did not a little incourage me, it beeing by Gods providence in my handes when I was about to write this: The sense whereof followeth.

It is a thing of most dutifull affection, to commend the memory of holy persones that are departed, especially of such, as haue bene of most

lent vertues, vvhether it be by friends or ſtrangers: I haue directed it vnto you, deare Siſter, by name, that yee may make your profite of it in particular, for confirming you by the woorthie example of your Parents; in theſe evill and declining daies, in that Godlie courſe of Chriſtianitie, wherein it hath pleaſed GOD to make you ſucceede vnto them, no leſſe than to the worldlie heritage, proceeding rightly from them to you, after the death of their onely Sonne *Nathaniel* your Brother: though not without your croſſe, your maſters loving badge, given to you to beare, no doubt for your profite: The Lord ſtrengthen you to beare it to his glorie and your comfort: And ſo I ende with this ſentence of BASILE, *Take heede to your ſelfe, that ye may take heed to God:*

Fare well in Chriſt: From *Edinburgh* the 24. of *May*. 1595.

Your aſſured Friend in Chriſt,

I. D.

A MEMORIAL OF THE LIFE OF TWO WORthie Christians.

En Poets in all times before,
Sèt all their care and endeuore
Of worthie persons for to write,
When euer they saw thẽ delite,
In wisdome Iustice or manheid,
Or any other vertuous deid:
Yea thogh vertue it had not bene,
Gif they like vertue had it seene,
The Poets of all former daies,
Would neuer cease it for to prayes:
As of those Champions most strong,
The Troianes and the Greeks among:
Did Homer write and Seneca,
Virgil, Ouid and many ma:
Renowmed Romanes to rehearse,
Wants not their worthies put in verse:
So we find: deeds of vassalage,
Set fooorth by Poets in all age,
Euen of Gray-Steill, wha list to luke,
Their is set fooorth a meikle buke,

Yea for to make it did them gude,
Of that rank Rouer Robene Hude:
Of Robene Hude and little Iohne,
With sik like Outlawes many one:
As Clim of the Clewgh and Cliddisli̇e,
Becauſe of their fine archerie:
Hen men I say then in those daies,
Took so great labour for to prayse:
Yen for these vaine and earthly things,
That small or no true comfort brings:
Yea oft times hurtfull are and ill,
To sick as they are granted till:
Why should we not with all our might,
Write in thir daies of so great light:
Of faithfull godly men and wise,
Who for the trueth durst interprise:
To hazard at the Lords command,
Al that they had, both life and land:
As Davids worthies had their prayes,
Ours should haue theirs als in our daies:
Sik doughtie deeds of Vaſſalage,
Should be remembred in all age:
Not to giue flesh the praise therfore,
Bot onelie to giue God the glore:
Who so his seruants doth endue,
Unto his worke with all vertue:
That both vertue may praised be,
And also our posteritie,
May finde before them put in write,
Wherein their fathers did delyte:

Not

Not in the dark deeds of the night,
But in the comely waies of light:
In honest godly life and cleane,
And sa the difference betweene
Us that liues now in time of light,
Professing trulie in Gods sight:
And them that liued in Papistrie,
In blindnes and Idolatrie:
Unto our of-spring shall appeir,
Whereby the lesson they may leir:
To flie from vice and vanitie,
And to embrace the veritie.
Likewise they that liues in this age,
Persauing deeds of Vassalage:
Stowtnes in God and constancie,
For to be put in memorie:
And neuer man to be ouerseene,
That frak in the good cause hes bene:
Hic as hes spirits heroycall,
Will be more moued herewithall:
To be mair valiant stowt and wise,
In euery godly interprise:
The lying locusts als of Rome,
That spread their lies through Christendome:
By their Chronicklers calumnies,
Whome they hyre to write hystories:
Of vs and our Religion,
Shall be brought to confusion:
When they shall be made to confesse,
The good liues of some who profesde,

The trueth of Christ, spite of their heartes,
Heir aswell as in other partes.
So shall not we our labours lose,
That wrytes our workis to this purpose:
Our Gods Name to glorifie,
And Neighbours for till edifie.
Then to beginne but proces more,
We haue had worthie men before:
Of all degries these fyftene yeers,
As the gude Regent with his feeres:
Iohn Knox that valyant Conquerour,
That stood in many stalward stour:
For Christ his Maister and his word,
And many moe I might record:
Some yet alive, some also past,
Erle Alexander, is not last,
Of Glencarne, but these I passe by,
Because their deeds are alreddy,
By sundrie Poets put in write,
Quhilk now I need not to recite:
But forward to my purpose fare,
That is, to speake without mare:
Of twa best liuers that led like,
Gude Robert Campbel and his wife,
Departed baith now of the late,
To heauens blisse richt well I wate:
Sic twa I knowe not where to finde,
In all Scotland left them behinde:
Of sa great faith and charitie,
With mutuall lour and amitie:

That

That I wat an mair heauenly like,
Was neuer betweene man and wife:
As all that kend them can declair,
Within the shirefoome of Air.
But to be plainer is no skaith,
Of surname they were Campbells baith:
Of ancient blood of this Cuntrie,
They were baith of Genealogie:
Ye of the shirels house of Air,
Long noble famous and preclair:
Scho of a gude and godly stok,
Came of the old house of Cesnok:
Quhais Lard of many yeares bygaine,
Professed Christs Religion plaine:
Yea eightie yeares sensyne and mare,
As I heard aged men declare:
And als a cunning Scottish Clark,
Called Alisius in a wark,
Written to IAMES the fift our King,
Dois this man for his purpose bring:
Quha being to the scaffold led,
In Edinburgh to haue thold dead,
For Christs Euangell quhilk he red,
by Iames the fourth from death was fred:
Some sayes death was alswel prepard,
For Preist and Lady as the Lard:
This storie I could not passe by,
Being so well worth memory:
Whereby most clearlie we may see,
How that the Papists lowdly lie:

Who

Who our Religion so oft cald,
A faith but of fiftie yeare ald:
When euen in Scotland we may see,
It hes bene mair than thryse fiftie:
As by the storie ye may knaw,
Of Reshby burnt before Paule Craw,
The thousand yeare foure hundreth fiue,
In Perth, while Husse was yet aliue:
Ha of thir noble Houses ald,
Thir twa descended as is tald:
They had gude heritage in deede,
Whereto iustlie he did succeede:
For any Gentleman aneuch,
Whais theirstyle was the Kinyeancleugh:
Standing be-sowth Machline in Kyle,
About thre quarters of a myle.
But to our purpose to proceede,
And speak of him who was the heede
Of her a while holding our toung,
When that Religion was but young,
And durst not plainlie shew her face,
For tyrannie in public place:
Some Preachers did till him resort,
Where mutuallie they gat comfort:
The trueth on their part was declard,
No temporall benefits he spard:
They lacked not gude intreatment,
In daylie food and nurishment:
Gif there wes mare necessitie,
They needed not to craue supplie:

ba priuatelie in his lodgeing,
He had baith prayers and preaching:
To tell his freinds he na whit dred,
How they had lang bene blindlins led:
By shaueling Papists, Monks and Friers,
And be the Paipe these many yeares:
When some Barrones neere hand him by,
And Noble men he did espie,
Of auld who had the truth profest,
To them he quicklie him addrest:
And in erhorting was not slak,
That consultation they would tak,
How orderlie they might suppresse,
In thair owne bounds that Idole messe:
In place thereof syne preaching plant,
To quhilk some noble men did grant:
And so their cace did humblie meene,
Oft to the Counsell and the Queene,
That this their sute might be effected,
But seing it meerely neglected:
They did their minds freelie disclose,
In counsell set for that purpose:
Of Queene and whole Nobilitie,
Protesting in humilitie,
They sought no alteration
Of State, but of Religion:
That Papistrie being suppressit,
Christ might be preached East and West:
And seeing they were Magistrates,
As well as other of the States:

They would not suffer God his glore,
In their bounds thralled any more:
Quhilk they did soone performe in deede
And made them to the wark with speede:
And had some preaching publictlie,
Where people came maist frequentlie:
Whiles among woods in banks and brais,
Whiles in Kirkyards beside their fais:
Thir Novells through the Countrie ran,
Quhilk stirred vp baith wife and man:
So for to damne that deuillish Messe,
That Papists could them not suppresse:
Then Queers and cloisters were puld down,
In sundrie parts of this Regioun:
But whether it was night or day,
Gude Robert was not mist away:
When thay puld downe the Friers of Air,
Speir at the Friers gif he was thair:
The Lard of Carnale yet in Kyle,
Quha was not sleipand al this while:
And Robert wer made Messengers,
Send from the rest to warne the Friers:
Out of those places to deludge,
Howbeit the Earls began to grudge:
Either with good will or with ill,
The keyes they gaue thir twa vntill:
After their gudes they had out tane,
So greater harme the Friers had nane:
Far vnlike to their crueltie,
In their massacring boutcherie:

Resem-

Resembling well their old Father,
Who ever was a murtherer:
Authoritie was hard to bide,
Quhilk Papists had vpon their side:
Or rather to speake properlie,
Their persones in authoritie.
Therefore no time was for to sleuth,
To them who did professe the trueth:
Howbeit they wanted not that tyde,
Chiefe Counsellers vpon their side:
And greatest Nobles not a fewe,
And of all other States anewe,
Who rightly in defence might stand,
Of Gods owne cause they had in hand:
Professing aye obedience,
In ciuill things vnto their Prence:
In contrare whereof nane can say,
That they did practise night or day:
In cause of reformation,
Quhilk serues for confutation:
Of all our enemies eche one,
That blames vs with seditione,
As by the word of God is plaine:
But that we may returne againe:
Then Robert like a busie Bie,
Did ride the post in all Countrie:
Baith North and Sowth, baith East and West,
To all that the gude cause professt:
Through Angus, Fyfe and Lawthiane,
Late iourneis had he many ane:

By night he would passe forth of Kyle,
And slip in shortly in Argyle:
Syne to Stratherne and to all parts,
Where he knew godly zealous harts;
Exhorting them for to be stoute,
And of the matter haue no doubt:
For although said he we be few,
Hauing our God we are anew:
So no expenses he did spare,
Nor trauells to ride late and aire;
To get concurrance from all partes,
Which was obtaind with willing hearts:
So great this wark was first to band,
To plant Religion in this land:
And tantæ molis wes this gear,
Religion this way to vprear:
Though we with ease the kirnell eate,
The shel was not broken but sweate:
Thus many mirk midnight raid he,
And that all for the libertie,
Of Christis Kirk and the Gospell,
Sic carefull trauells I you tell:
Deserues well gude memorie,
And to be put in Poetrie:
In English, Latine, Dutch and Dence,
To stirre vs vp with diligence:
When men nowe are become so cold,
That it is shame for to be told:
But to returne vnto our tale,
When the Cuntrie was moued hale,

To

To make to wark with spear and sheild,
He was not hinmost on the fielde:
Out of the West had any gane,
He missed never to be ane,
With wisedome manheid and counsall,
He comfort thir conventions all:
Yea no Convention lesse nor mair,
Of any waight but he was thair:
As when the Gentlemen of Kyle,
As they were frakkest all the whyle:
In their assemblies would chuse out,
Some for to ride the post about,
If he had seene them once refuse,
By any maner of excuse,
He would soone say, trueth is doubtlesse,
My Brother hes sic busines:
I know at this time he can nocht,
But there shall be nane vther sought:
I will ryde for him verelie,
The nixt time he shall ride for me:
This was not once but almost ay,
So never did their purpose stay,
For fault of posting late or air:
Bot yet or I passe further mair,
I man speak something of his Wife,
Quha never made barrat nor strife:
Nor this his doing did disdaine,
Was never man heard her complaine
As many wives in the Cuntrie,
I trow had luked angerlie,

On her gude-man who at all tyde,
Was ay so reddy for to ryde:
For so oft ryding could not misse,
Bot to procure great expensis:
He might look as they tell the tail,
When he came hame for euill cooled kail:
Ze haue so meikle gear to spend,
Ze trow neuer it will haue end:
This will make you full bare there ben,
Lat see (sayes she) what other men,
So oft ryding a field ye finde,
Leauing thair owne labour behinde:
This and farre mare had oft bene told,
Be many wiues, yea that we hold:
Not of the worst in all the Land,
I speak not of that balefull band:
That Sathan hes sent heir away,
With the black fleete of Norroway:
Of whome ane with her Tygers tong,
Had able met him with a rong:
And reaked him a rebegeasser,
Calling him many warlds weasser:
Bot latting thir euill wiues alane,
This gude wyfe murmuring made nane,
Bot ay maist gladly did consent,
To that wherewith he was content:
Reioysing that he had sic hart,
For Christis kirk to take that part:
Quhilk doubtlesse was ane vertewe rare,
But to returne to him but mair,

From

From ryding he did seldome rest,
Whiles in the east whiles in the west
To drawe the godly in ane band,
Impietie for to withstand:
Quhilk doubtlesse did the cause great gude,
For when al-quhare men understude,
What was the brethrens minde and will,
And what purpose they made them till:
They interpryses in all parts,
More boldly knowing others harts:
This day I think we may perceaue,
What milling of sic men we haue:
When any danger dois appeir,
To warne the godly farre and neir:
Our foes now here do vs preuent,
Who euer are most diligent,
And slips no time, though we be slaw,
Themselues together for to drawe:
God steir some vp sen he is gane,
That cost nor trauell spared nane:
There was no gathering East nor West,
Saint Iohnestone raid with all the rest:
Bot he was euer there for ane,
The warres so endit then and gane:
His counsale in the reformation,
Was well heard be the Congregation:
At the Assemblies Generale,
He was aye with his gude counsale.
What shall I say sen we began,
I wate well a mair carefull man

sparing trauels, paines nor cost,
Was not in all the Lords host:
Because then he was so sincere,
And feruent baith in peace and weare:
His Name grew famous in all art,
The godly loued him with their hart:
There was fewe but heard well aneugh,
Of Robert of the Kinyeancleugh:
But the gude Regent by the rest,
Of all men loued Robert best:
He sawe in him sic feruencie,
Sic stowtnes with sinceritie:
He might oft gotten great reward,
But no sic thing he did regard:
He was voide of all couatyce,
And was least subiect to that vyce:
And to the loue of worldly wrake,
Of any man that euer spake:
His conscience he would not grieue,
No worldly goods for to atchieue:
The haill teinds of hale VCHILTRIE,
He did giue ouer most willinglie:
Quhilk his forbears had possest,
For Sacrilledge he did detest:
The minister he put therein,
God grant that as he did begin,
That all the rest that dois possesse,
The teinds of Scotland more and lesse,
Haist wrangouslie, wald them restore
As gude Robert hes gone before:

Bot no appearance we can see,
That they will do it willinglie:
For all the summoning hes bene,
By Gods Heraulds these yeares fyftene,
Though I think they should feare to touch them,
Because that teinds did neuer rich them:
That hes meld with them to this day,
Yet no appearance is I say,
That euer they shall with them twin,
While God of heauen himselfe begin:
With force quhilk no man may withstand,
To pluck them cleane out of their hand:
Quhilk shall be to their wrak and wo,
Because they would not let them go:
For no forewarning he could send,
When they had time and space to mend:
Though nowe this Sacrilege seeme sweet,
Their of-spring shall haue cause to greet:
When God shall call them for the wrong,
Done to him and his Kirk so long:
Bot to returne againe but more,
Good Robert did those teinds restore:
Whereby maist clearly we may see,
That na wayes couetous was hee:
Bot gentle kinde and liberall,
To all that needed great and small:
And chiefflie to the godlie house,
He liberall was and harberous:
Ane number of the poore nightlie,
In Kinyeancleugh gat harberie:

Whome after ſupper he gart call,
To be examined in the hall:
Of Lords prayer and Beleefe,
And ten Commaunds for to be briefe.
Gif that he found them ignorant,
Unto his place they durſt not haunt:
Unto the time they learned all,
Alſo his ſeruands he did call:
And euery Sabboth him before,
To giue a reckoning there but more:
Of chiefe heades of Religion,
So they got great inſtruction:
Wherefore Iohn Knox, that man of God,
Perceauing Robert to be od:
In cairfulnes and feruencie,
In ſoundnes and integritie:
And for to be of gifts maiſt rare,
With him wes maiſt familiare:
For his Religion was not vaine,
Nor na lip-labor I make plaine:
Bot it wes baith in heart and deed,
Quhilk from ane true faith did proceed:
When gude Iohn Knox for tyrannie,
At ſome tines was compeld to flie:
Gude Robert wes ay be his ſyde,
Baith night and day to be his gyde:
In trouble and aduerſitie,
They keeped others companie:
Whyle at the laſt death did them twin,
Quhilk at Iohn Knox did firſt begin:

From

From time Robert sawe him depart,
He thristed ever from his hart:
That he might followe haistelie,
Quhilk with he did obtaine shortlie:
For he had not long dayes here,
Efter Iohn Knox wes brought on bere:
As afterward I shall make plaine,
Bot while on earth he did remaine:
His onely diligence and cair,
Wes to serue God baith late and air:
Allswell in weere as tyme of peace.
His godly courage did not cease:
As might be known when he did weild,
His wepons at the Lang-side Feild:
When our men breisted vp the bank,
He wes there in the formost rank:
Bot yet or thay began to yeke,
Immediatelie before the choke,
His sloghorne I cannot passe by,
Our men on his left hand gan cry:
A Hume, a Hume, with voces shill,
Ane vther voce vpon the hill:
He heard crying a Dowglasse fast,
Then bursted Robert forth at last:
And cryed with mightie voice abrode,
O our good God, O our good God:
Quhilk wes mair fearfull to his Foes,
Nor all the voces there that rais:
We see in flesh he nothing bostis,
His trust was in the Lord of Hostis:

He was perſwaded certainlie,
Or they began of victorie:
As the eſcheat quhilk he obteind,
Before the field of a chiefe freind:
Wha wes vpon the contrare ſyde,
With all that there with him wold ryde:
Whais name I need not till expreſſe,
Of his foreknowledge bure witneſſe:
Where alſo we haue to conſidder,
How that thir twa ſpake not togidder.
Before that Feild many a day,
And yet Gude Robert did not ſtay:
Before hand to take his eſcheit,
And that all for his Freinds profeit:
Quhilk wes a taken on his part,
Of a moſt kinde and loving hart:
I trowe fewe men wold haue done ſo,
But to our purpoſe let vs go:
He ſtood then in that ſtalward ſtowre,
Where there were many dintis dowre:
So in that brunt maiſt valyantly,
That day he did full dowghtely:
While victory wes on our ſide,
And enemies no more might bide:
That day ane pleaſant Feild fand he,
As his Sur-name dois ſignifie:
So evermore ſen we began,
He hes bene ane maiſt conſtant man:
Not whites on this ſide, whiles on that,
As barnes vſe to ſlae the wyld-cat:

Quhilk

of two worthie Christians.

Quhilk shall make his name last for ay,
In honour vnto Domisday:
Where as starters from syde to syde,
Who be the gude cause did not byde:
Shall leaue their names eternallie,
In shame to their posteritie:
Because Gods cause they did bot mock,
Ay turning with the Wedder-cock:
Where they that with the Lord indure,
Shall finde his loue constant and sure:
As it appeareth wele ynough,
In Robert of the Kinyeancleugh:
Whome God did honour every way,
In life and death and shall for ay.
Nowe beside this great carefulnesse,
In reformations gude successe:
I wait a mare peaceable man,
Was neuer sen the warld began:
Among Neighbours for to make peace,
God granted him a singular grace:
So wisely he could matters dresse,
With Judgement and sic vprightnesse:
That euen Papists would not refuse.
This Ireneus for to chuse:
In warldly caces, for they kend,
Ane iote from right he wald not bend:
For no man leuand freind nor fa,
I trow he left fewe marrowes ma:
The Nobills haill out through the west,
Baith Protestants and all the rest:

His great wisedome did reverence,
Sa that in things of importance:
His counsell they did sute and crave,
In their affaires and it receave:
His labours he did not deny,
To pure nor rich that dwelt him by:
So to the West he made sic steade,
That they may sare lament his deade:
I trowe sic milling of a man,
Wes not in Kyle sen it began:
As the lamenting every whare,
Out through that Cuntrie dois declare:
Bot chiefly pitie is to heare,
His tennants pure with drery cheare:
And heavie harts making their mone,
That their good Maister now is gone:
Quha in no sort did them oppresse,
Bot wes their comfort in distresse:
Ye take payment aye as they might,
And never prealled them to hight:
Nor ouer their heades to set their rowmes,
Nor make them pure with great grelowmes:
Ye never warned man to flit,
Except himselfe had wyte of it:
Be unthrift, sluggishnes and slewth,
Or by contempt of God his trewth:
With sic na wayes he could agree,
That they should tennants to him be:
Most like vnto good Davids deed,
The hundreth one Psalme as we reed:

Yea

Yea he wald craib and much disdaine,
Gif they had tane Gods name in vaine:
Thir tennants doubtles were happie,
That sic a Maister had as he:
They wanted not, he had ynough,
At hame within the Kinyeancleugh:
It did him gude to see them thriue,
Quhilk made ilk ane with other strine:
Quha should best seruice to him make,
And for to please him be maist frake:
His wife also was of his minde,
Though many be not of her kinde:
Bot on their Husbands daylie harp,
That to their tennants they be sharp:
Thinking their state can na wayes lest,
Except their pure-anes be opprest:
So that they haue not vntane vp,
Or Weltane come to byte or sup:
Syne hes their Sommer maill to by,
Wherefore they man sell sheep and ky:
Quhilk dois vndoe in this Cuntrie,
The maist part of our Yeamanrie:
And brings great hurt ye may be sure,
Als to sic masters of thir pure:
Who be this sharp nipping are awakked,
While they themselues are farre worse stakked:
And hes les luk baith but and ben,
Nor when there was gude husbandmen:
That to the Lard gude seruice made,
And bakkit him vnto the rade:

With

With wead and beefe vnto the boyes,
That nowe I wat not wha destroies:
But to returne againe but mare,
Gude Roberts Tennants sighes full sare:
That their gude Maister they do want,
Quhilk they do not but cause I grant:
But whairto should I speak of tha,
He was a Freind to many ma:
Yea, and ma than I can declare,
As men can best meane their owne sare:
For in all parts baith North and Sowth,
They haue Gude Robert in their mouth:
The godly cheifly in all arts,
His death lamented from their harts:
Iohn Iohnstone writer well might say,
He mist a speciall Freind that day:
BARGANIE als may say the same,
And many ma whome I could name:
Bot how and where he did discease,
I will declare nowe in this place:
As I haue shawen you heirtofore,
Of his greate trauells evermore:
For rich and pure, for freind and fa,
He endit euen his life time sa:
For last his cheife and kins-man deir,
The young SHIREF of Air but weir:
Whome Robert loued tenderly,
For the many gude qualitie:
In that young plant he sawe appeare,
Of age not passing twentie yeare:

Sic as wisedome and lawlinesse,
Kindnes of heart with trustinesse:
Activitie and gude courage,
As may be found in sic ane age:
Quhilk gifts I pray God may incress,
With Gods true feare and zealousnes:
Now this his chiefe and kinsman toe,
Hauing some billines adoe:
In Galloway, therein welefar,
With his gude Father Lochinvar:
Desired Robert for to ryde,
With him in companie that tyde:
That there his counsell he might vse,
Gude Robert wald him not refuse:
Bot rayd with him maist willinglie,
To doe all friendly dewitie:
On Gude-Fryday, when Sun was sett,
All in Dammellintone we mett:
For this time God provyded me,
In Roberts companie to be:
Where I sawe all things more and lesse,
That came to passe in this progresse:
In earth he onely at that houre,
In trouble was my comfortoure:
The cause at length of all this cace,
I haue shawen in an other place:
There were we welcome with the hart,
Unto that kinde Lord of Cathkart:
With whome we lodged all that night,
The nirt day raid to Rusko right:

Where that moſt noble Laird foretald,
Dwelt for the time with his houſhald:
Nowe all that day while there we raid,
Gude Robert was as blyth and glaid:
As euer he had bene before,
So when we were come there but more,
The Princely houſe that we ſawe there,
I am not able to declare:
It wald conſume large tyme and ſpace,
To tell the order of that place:
What comelie ſeruice but and ben,
With the great number als of men:
That do aſſemble in that Hall,
At melted tyme as we it call:
Whereto ſhould I ought of it ſay,
For it is like a young Abbay:
Abundance baith of meat and drinke,
To man and boy at burde and binke:
With ordour and ciuilitie,
That might ſerue in the in countrie:
Now Robert at tyme of Supper,
According to his graue maner:
Did talke of matters modeſtlie,
Quhilk alwaies were to edifie:
Quhairto the Larde gaue right gude eare,
The reſt with ſilence als did heare:
So ſupper done our prayers red,
We bound vs ſhortly to our bed:
For Robert had ane vſe al-whare,
With God to be familiare:

Be publict prayer Euen and Morne,
His house and familie beforne:
And by that, when he was at hame,
Twise in the day he thought no shame:
To passe vntill his wood neerby,
Upon his God to call and cry:
With many sobbe and sigh for sinne,
That momently he did fall in:
And for the great rebellion,
Of this vnhappie Nation:
So plaine vnthankfull in all places,
To our gude God for his great graces:
Gif this gude man sight every day,
Allace what shall we wretches say:
Quha twise perchance enters not in,
In halfe a yeare to sigh for sinne:
Gif this gude-man wha tuke sic care,
To serue his God baith late and are:
Found so great matter of mourning,
Within and out Morne and Euening:
What vglie filth and floods of sin,
Think we wretches is vs within:
That takes no thought of right or wrang,
Bot ane day come ane other gang:
And lets hale moneths whiles passe by,
Our selues or we begin to try:
o what hudge heaps growes sinne trow we,
In vs this time that we oversee:
I speak not of meere godlesse men,
That God and all goodnes misken:

And

And thinks their onely happineſſe,
In wicked life and filthineſſe:
Bot of our ſelues now I ſpeak here,
Profeſſing vs Gods Childzen deere:
Alace, what cauſe haue we to murne,
For ſinne. Bot now let vs returne:
On Eaſter even, to beds we paſt,
Where all that night he gat gude reſt:
Bot mare reſt he gat litle heir,
While his body was brought on beir:
For on Paſche day after he rais,
In tyme of putting on his clais:
Ye ſayes, my head is ſomewhat ſare,
Quhilk ſore ſank in mindè but mare:
The prayers done, he ſayes but lane,
I trow I man lye downe agane:
Bot yet I will go forth and ſee,
Gif that my head will better be:
Sa paſſing forth could not remaine,
Bot forced till come in againe:
In naked bed laid him downe thare,
It was his dead ill, what ſhuld mare:
Bot twa daies paſt or any kend,
What ſeiknes this was God him ſend:
Thairafter we perſaued plaine,
That the hotte feauers brought that paine:
All meanes we vſed him to cure,
With diligence ye may be ſure:
That were thought meet to make him hale,
Bot mannis trauell cannot avale:

Againſt

Against the purpose of the Lord,
Bot this one thing I man record:
The Larde and Lady of that place,
Were wondrous carefull in this cace:
And visite him baith frequentlie,
Commanding things abundantlie:
Be their seruands to be brought there,
That needfull were and necessere:
The young Shireff seing the cace,
How his dear kinsman in that place:
Wha for his cause was then come thare,
Sa farre from hame handled sa sare:
With heauie hart did sigh and mone,
That he was like to lose sic one:
Wha was sa louing kind and wise,
And needfull in all interprise:
The Shireffs wife with hart full sare,
Him visited also late and are:
Though I speak nothing of my sell,
There had I the strongst battell:
at to that day on earth I fand,
uhilk few folk there did vnderstand:
na man there bot onely he,
ne we my skaie and aduersitie:
ilk is not needfull heere to shaw,
Bot God quha did my trouble knaw:
o neuer left me in distresse,
That time left me not comfortlesse:
Bot after fighting dayes thrie,
At length granted sic victorie,

That I was gladly weill content,
To God his will for to consent:
Whether it should be death or life,
That God would send him without strife:
For like Heathen we should not be,
That mournes but measure as we see:
Sen we know we sall meet againe,
In Heauen for euer to remaine:
Whereto gif I had not tane tent,
I had great matter to lament:
To me he was so comfortable,
It to expresse I am not able:
Allswell in comfort spirituall,
As in these comforts temporall:
And that all for the luse he b[illegible],
To me in Christ ye may be sure:
In tyme of this his sicknesse sare,
He made me read baith late and are:
The whole Psalmes twise ouer in prose,
That serued most for his purpose:
Als in the tyme that there he lay,
The waightie words that he did say:
And godly sentences maist hie,
Were worthie of all memorie:
Gif that the shortnes of our Ryme,
Had vs permitted at this tyme:
Yet this may well be mentiond heere,
He said to me, brother [illegible]awe neere:
I haue bene fighting heere this houre,
And nowe am standing in the stoure.

With

With Sathan that old enemie,
Obiecting this most earnestly:
Though I did godlines pretend,
Gods gloir yet did I not defend:
When I heard men blaspheme his name,
In Land and Burgh, a Feild, at hame:
Keeping silence and wist not why,
This in my eare nowe he dois cry:
Urgeing my great hypocrisie,
Bot I am sure of victorie:
In this point as in many other,
Through my deare Christ, yet hereof brother:
I thought good warning you to giue,
That while on earth here ye do liue:
Ye take heed how ye cun your race,
Againe ye come to this my cace:
God grant heirof I make true vse,
Where euer I heare sic abuse:
That faithfull here I may be found,
Sen God so straightly hes me bound:
To do my Christian dewitie,
In staying so great blasphemie:
Quhilk so aboundeth far and neir,
That sorrowfull it is to heir:
Alace gif Sathan durst accuse,
This feruent man who ay did vse:
All meanes sic swearers to amend,
The most of any man I kend:
How fearfull will his onset be,
On many one in this Cuntrie:

The feare of God wha dois profeſſe,
Yea mair, quhilk I vg to exprefſe:
Some that ſhould ſeaſon with their ſalt,
Others ar guiltie of this falt:
Wha can ſit ſtill and ſmoothlie heere,
Their companie baith banne and ſwere:
Which euill cuſtome drawes on alſo,
Themſelues to ſwearing or they go:
Great cauſe ſall ſic haue to lament,
Except in tyme they do repent:
His other ſpeaches all are pend,
In proſe as after ſhall be kend:
He craued one thing feruentlie,
That he might end this miſerie:
From time he ſawe ſome of the Kirk,
Not vprightly beginne to wirk.
Bot Chriſt his cauſe for to betray,
This ſpeach on dead bed when he lay:
He vttered oft with hart full ſare,
Craving diſſoluing without mare:
Bot cheiflie ſen the Aſſemblie,
Halden the date of ſeuentie thrie:
And ſart of March where many man,
In Edinburgh aſſembled than:
The double dealing he ſaw thare,
Paſt neuer from his heart but mare:
Na ſeikines could make him forget,
That laſt Aſſemblie as it ſet:
Touching the quhilk what he ſpake thare,
Now is not needfull to declare:

Gods

Gods iust Iudgements he did foresee,
Approching fast to this Cuntrie:
When some said Sir, why do ye craue,
So earnestly this lyfe to laue:
He sayd Brethren, sawe ye I wisse,
The sight I see of heauenly blisse:
And contrarewise, gif ye did see,
A blink of that great misery:
That vnto Scotland fast doth hy,
Ye wald wish death as well as I:
So great is our ingratitude,
Persauing then for to conclude:
That he wes to depart this life,
He sent hame quicklie for his wife:
Quha but all tarying came thare,
Fra she got word with heart full sare:
She raid that wilsome wearie way,
Neir fourtie myles on Law Sunday:
Be she had beene there dayes thrie,
He parted from this miserie:
Till heauens blisse I am right sure,
His soule on Thursday nert did sure:
So gude Iohn Knox he followed sone,
Within a yeare and halfe was gone:
Then did the Lard of Lochinvar,
With all the Cuntrie far and nar
In ane litter his corps bring downe,
On Fryday to Dammellintoune:
That night fyfteene nights he did ly,
There blyth and glaid as he came by:

That night his body brought on beir,
An haistie change we may see heir:
In earth is na mair constancie,
Then wherefore pride-full should we be:
Or in these earthlie things confyde,
As we were euer heir to byde:
Sen we see all of women borne,
Bot this day heir away to morne:
Bot ane kennis not another gude,
On Saterday then to conclude:
The four and twentie of Aprile,
The Lairds and Gentil-men of Kyle:
Yea baith of high and lawe degree,
Met him togerewith sic Assemblie:
As was not seene in Kyle before,
This hundreth yeares and many more:
Many wette cheaks at that meeting,
There might be seene with sare sighing:
It wald haue made anes hart full sare,
To see the meeting that was thare:
Though they knewe he was well but doubt,
Yet their affections bursted out:
And could not let them to lament,
For losse of sic an Instrument:
So they receiued the corps that day,
From Lochinvar and Galloway:
And with all honour did it bring,
Unto the Kirkyard of Machling:
Where they did burie him but mare,
And sa I leaue him lyand thare:

And will speake something of his wife,
Wha shortly after left this life:
For as thay were baith joynd in hart,
Sa death almost could not them part:
And as in life thay did agrie,
So death could not keepe them sundrie:
For in Aprill the twentie tway,
He did depart in Galloway:
In Iune next she gaue vp the ghost,
About the midst of it almost:
In the hote feauer she also,
Out of this miserie did go:
In Iames Bannateins house of Air,
For short before she had past thare:
Thinking to liue most quietly,
Among that godly company:
For the hale race of all that hous,
Of Kinyeancleugh are right zealous:
And of lang tyme hes sa bene kend,
The Lord assist thame to the end:
For Robert and this Iames of Air,
Sister and brother barnis ware:
And sa nane meeter she could finde,
For to remaine withall behinde:
Bot God had ordaind what should mair,
That she should end her life in Air:
Fra her husband wes brought on beir,
She had no pleasure longer heir:
Bot did desire most hartfullie,
At Gods pleasure with him to be:

Quhilk she obteined in short space,
And so was caried to that place:
In the Kirkyarde where he dois ly,
Of Machling and layd hard him by:
Lang may ye seek to finde sic tway,
As God there nowe hes tane away:
For what man he was I haue told,
Of singular graces manifold:
And as for her the trueth to tell,
Among women she bure the bell:
During her daies in her degrie,
In godlines and honestie:
Of Judgement rypest in Gods Law,
Of any woman that I knaw:
In Gods buke she was so verseit,
That scarce wald men trow to rehearse it:
Of so excellent memorie,
And als of sic dexteritie:
Gods word to vse to her comfort,
And theirs who did to her resort:
That her to heare it was delyte,
In Scriptures she was so perfyte:
Quhilk was not words and babling vaine,
Bot words with knawledge ioynd certaine:
Quhilk in her life she did expresse,
By doing as shee did professe:
All Gods true seruants far and neir,
She did esteeme as Freinds most deir:
And neuer loued societie,
With any godlesse companie:

Waith

of two worthie Christians.

Baith wise and prouident was sho,
In houshold things she had ado:
Quhat should I say, this woman od,
Was his great comfort vnder God:
And doubtles was of God a blessing,
Of speciall gifts after his wishing:
So for to end as I began,
I wait sic ane woman and man:
Of so many gude properties,
Of rare and heauenly qualities:
Is not in Scotland left behind,
Whais waytaking we be not blind:
Should make vs clearlie vnderstand,
That Gods iust Iudgments are at hand:
To punish the Rebellion,
Of this maist stubborne nation:
Who to Gods will dois not attend,
For no punition he dois send:
For we may easilie considder,
The waytaking of thir together:
Of so excellent behaueours,
And that almost bot in their flowers:
For nane of them was past throughlie,
The age of fourtie yeares and thrie:
Is not for nought what euer it be,
That is to followe hastelie:
For why sic as the Lord God loues,
Before the plague he oft remoues:
According as the Scripture sayes,
Quhilk shortned good Iosias dayes:

With many others that are past,
And that great plagues approched fast:
Gude Robert as we heard before,
Foresawe and plainly did deplore:
As all man grant as well as he,
That hes Judgment or eies to see:
Therefore sen they are tane away,
For to forewarne vs all I say:
That God is reddy for to come,
With plagues to punish all and some:
That dois delight in wickednes,
In reif, murther and filthines:
And covatyce whereof they grow,
Quhilk this hale Cuntrie dois ouerflow:
And all the lang rebellion,
To God within this Nation:
Whose Judgements now we see appeare,
And their forerunners drawing neere:
Let vs with all the speed we can,
Go hide vs with the prudent man:
That seis the plague while it is far,
And hydes himselfe or it come nar:
By turning vnto Christ our King,
And hyding vs vnder his wing:
Wha in all tempest, wind and preace,
Is our refuge and hyding place:
As Isay in the thirtie tway,
Of that his Prophecie dois say:
So we of safetie shall be sure,
What euer plagues euill men endure:

On

On whome that great day but releik,
Shall suddainely come as a theif:
And turne in twinkling of ane eye,
Their Joy and mirth to miserie:
And we shall passe for evermore,
To raigne with Christ our King in glore:
Who saued vs, and none but he,
Bearing our sinnes vpon the tree:
To whome therefore euer be praise,
And to the Father eik alwaies:
And to the holy Spirit most free,
One onely God and persones three.

FINIS.